

The Centurion

Vol. ¹II, No. II January, 1962

IN THIS ISSUE...

EDITORIAL	...2
LETTERS	...3
WORLD NEWS	...3
CONTEST	...3
BODE'S LAW	...4
SCIENCES	...4
ART	...5
ADVERTIZING	...6
DOMESTIC AFFAIRS	...6
HUMOR	...6
PUBLIC RELATIONS	...7
JUNK	all over

Chapter 1

1

"THE CENTURION"

Humor by the megaton...and all that.
EDITORS: . . . Daniel O'Brien Bobby Bell
Published at Victoria College

EDITORIAL....

Ho there, compatriots. With the inspiring ejaculation of good centurion Monte Roberts still ringing in our ears like a trumpet note, "Being funny ain't fun, ya know!" we charge with intrepititude foreign to the Seraphim and far outweighing all discretion into this, our second issue.

Now, after that avalanche of verbosity, perhaps we can turn to the subject which currently occupied the mind of every right thinking student on campus--

On second thought...and in view of the "universally accepted rules of good taste" so patently pointed out to us of late, we shall pass over that subject and on to our second topic, namely unthinkable rumors, insiduously circulating through the college with reference to the most greivous charge ever levelled at the publications dep't. here--censorship.

Has it reared its ugly head on our campus? (Or will justice continue to hang hers?)

Understandably perturbed by the mere mention concerning the enforcement of decent standards, we CENTURION editors double timed single file into the office of our beloved "Pubs" director, Leslie Mellon. After a hearty salutation and a request to close the door--both mercifully delivered in Eld High German (which curiously resembles certain dock workers epithets), we scrambled to our feet and bluntly put it to him--confirm or deny the rumors.

His spirited rejoinder was equally blunt, but after a threat by the WUGS secretary--who was pinning his hair--to soap out his mouth, he became somewhat more tractable. "Well," he said, dabbing his mouth with an old Martlet and capping the false paper bale he cleverly re-inserted into his typewriter, "according to my personal survey as "Pubs" director, I find the Snug is best, followed closely by the Tally-Ho Lounge and the Ingrahan...what? Oh...publications! Oh well...censorship? Ridiculous, totally unfounded, complete fabrications. Oh, by the way, the Content Control Board wants to see you two.

Relieved, yet slightly incredulous, we peeked into the Student Council filing cabinet under "P" and finding the President Brian Small, queried him also. With characteristic sagacity and perspicacity, he quickly diagnosed the situation and responded with a quick, "What's it to ya?".

Now, with the last element of doubt swept away, we returned to our yellowing copied of Capt'n Billy's Wizz Bang, and thumbed the pages despondently, searching for new material for the CENTURION.

Anticipating a stifled yawn and an indifferent "What the heck is the Centurion?" at this point, permit us to edify you.

THE CENTURION is a bi-weekly (from now on, we hope) humor? periodical perpetrated and published by two otherwise normal English 200 flunkers, aided and abetted by the publications department.

It's nothing to write home about--in fact, it's something to be kept carefully concealed from any authority.

If the reader should feel particularly endowed and strongly desirous of contributing, however, a contact can be made. Just bring your most welcome submissions in a plain wrapper to the furnace room door at the stroke of midnight. Give the code knock--three shorts and two longs. Upon hearing an answering ictus accompanied by three bars of "Lily Marlene" played on a harmonica in "E" flat minor, repeat the secret phrase, "The little dog laughed," twice, clearly, slipping your selections under the door. Walk away quickly--do not run for the first hundred yards.

Then again--you could just poke your material into the student mail box under "C"

EDITORS

LETTERS TO THE IDIOTS.....

Not wishing to appear out of step with other successful and distinguished publications, we now present our letters to the editors.....

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed your new paper very much.
Arthur West

Dear Sirs:

Hooray! Keep up the good work.
Weary Reilly

Dear Sirs:

My most heartfelt and vigorous felicitations on the inception of this fine literary endeavour--it marks an epoch in journalism.
G.K. Kingsley

Dear Sirs:

Eyefilling....a treat...
Martin Barford

Dear Sirs:

Congrats on your first issue, men, it was a gasser.
Mal Potts

Dear Sirs:

Wonderful, fabulous, witty, scintillating. The Martlet, that is, ...yours smells.
Jomie Baker

Dear Sirs:

I have seen better drivels scratched into wet cement by gutter urchins. Keep up the good work, though--its the best paper we got.

Ian Heskell

Dear Sirs:

Who do you guys think you're kidding? A humorist of Monte Roberts calibre would never contribute such hog-slop to a trashy sheet like yours.

Marvin Burg

HOG-SLOP? Editors.

Dear Sirs:

Jerks! You made a mistake in arithmetic in computing the number of college students in your survey in the last issue.

Jonathan Starbuck

WE REALIZED THAT, SO WE SENT THE PROBLEM TO THE MATHEMATICS DEP'T FOR CORRECTION. THEY COULDN'T CRACK IT, HOWEVER, AND IT IS NOW IN THE MAILS TO NEW YORK, WHERE IBM WILL RUN IT THROUGH AN ELECTRONIC COMPUTER. Editors

Dear Sirs:

Hey, ya didn't ask me!
Julian Reid

SO YOU'RE THE REASON IT DIDN'T WORK OUT! Editors

Dear Sirs:

...brass bound, iron clad gall...
Monte Roberts

Dear Sirs:

Always wondered what Santa did the other 364 days.

Ted Thurston

WORLD NEWS.....

WINNIPEG (CP)--Reports reaching us from Duquesne, 150 miles north of here, state that this small hamlet has put into practice a system called Fortuitous Diurnal Selection.

It is apparently a method of picking the next day out of a hat, proposed by some publication at Victoria College, in British Columbia.

Immediate results are not known, but a mutilated, dying man, claiming to be from Duquesne, was found in an alley ~~xxx~~ in the north end last night. He gasped out the words, "hysteria", "anarchy", and "berzerk" before he passed away.

Police are checking.

-30-

ALL HUMORISTS NOTE...

Overwhelmed by the response to our "Bad Joke of the Week" selection, we have decided to sponsor a "WORST JOKE IN THE WORLD" contest.

Somewhere in this issue you will find this weeks bad joke, a formidable contender.

Submit entries to "THE CLNTURION", c/o Daniel O'Brien, 809 Selkirk, or, if you can't scrape up postage, just poke it in the Bell or O'Brien student mail box.

Editors

Why didn't the galley slaves chip in and buy a sail?

BODES LAW....

In the late seventeen hundreds, Johann Daniel Titus, a German mathematician, discovered that by writing the numeral sequence π 0, 3, 6, 12, 24...then adding 4 to each and dividing the sums by 10, he obtained the sequence, 0.4, 0.7, 1.0, 1.6, 2.8...which tolerably represented the mean distances of planets from the sun, expressed in astronomical units.

Just goes to show what some guys are doing when the rest of us are out chasing skirts, don't it? Editors

THE SCIENCES....

How to pass an Examination

So now you freshmen know all about college examinations. Make you sick, don't they?

So now you upperclassmen have just failed another batch. Sick, too, hah?

I expect your brains, after this last travesty, will be sufficiently pulpy to glom onto this tidbit of advice with the tenacity of a child to his Snakes and Ladders game.

No, I don't mean useless ~~xxx~~ cliché advice on writing essays and keeping answers in sentences (God knows if you put four words together, three would be ungrammatical).

No, sir. This is really useful.....cheating!

You must admit, there is a certain charming quality about a cheater. You just know that anyone with the mental agility to successfully cheat will be able to go out in the world and embezzle and be corrupt along with the best of them.

There's nothing quite as reassuring as a doctor who has cheated his way through medical school.

(1) "CHEAT-SHEET" This method lends itself best to the purpose at hand.

You've heard of people writing the Rime of the Ancient Mariner on a grain of rice? Pooh! You've just condensed four hundred pages of Chem notes on your watch dial.

Also handy are fingernails. Tell donderhead supervisor (college student's natural enemy) you were sick, or, clumsy with a hammer.

Girls can get away quite easily merely by using red ink.

You can also paste your condensations on the inside of silvered sun-glasses. Leather jacket and crusher motorcycle hat completes the ensemble. Remember to leave a peep hole for your best eye.

The safest place is the back of the girl's neck who sits in front of you. The mechanics of getting them there the night before are left to you.

Ordinary paper "cheat-sheets" can be used to, but they don't taste very good if you have to hide them in a hurry.

After exams, a visit to your optometrist may clear up the spots.

(2) GHOST WRITER Only advice--make sure the spook is honest.

(3) BOOK METHOD Impossible? Faf! Prerequisites are sneaky-ness, perfect timing, an innocent face, quick recall, and one hell of a lot of gall.

When the exam has been on about ten minutes, crash into the room ~~xx~~ as if you have just found it, book in hand. Panting adds to the imprompto effect.

Book still in hand, find an insignificant seat, plunk yourself down, and become a good sneak.

As the Chinese proverb says: the most obvious is the most inconspicuous. The supervisor, deep in his lethargy, will never see it.


When the exam is over, leave the book in the desk. Seeing it now may irk him slightly. Slightly enough to put you back on unemployment insurance.

If, upon entering, he does manage to see it (small chance, for besides being slow witted, supervisors are invariably near sighted), he will tritely comment that this is a bookless exam, to which you reply, "Them's the worst kind," ploping the book on his desk. It will never dawn on him that your bringing the book in the room was anything more than an ~~xxxx~~ accident.

Resort then to "cheat-sheets".

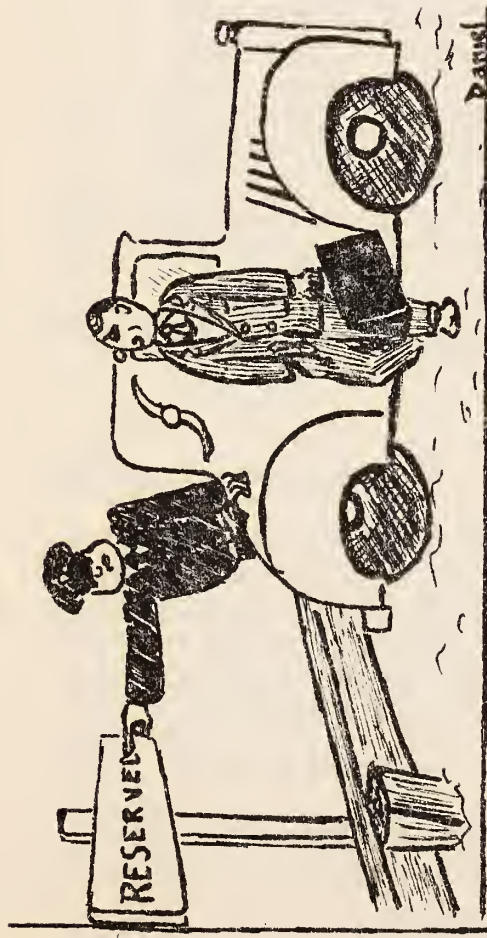
If you have any qualms, remember, successfully cheating is much more challenging than merely passing.

What are you laughing at--you're going out to try it, aren't you?



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/centurionv1n1uvic>



d

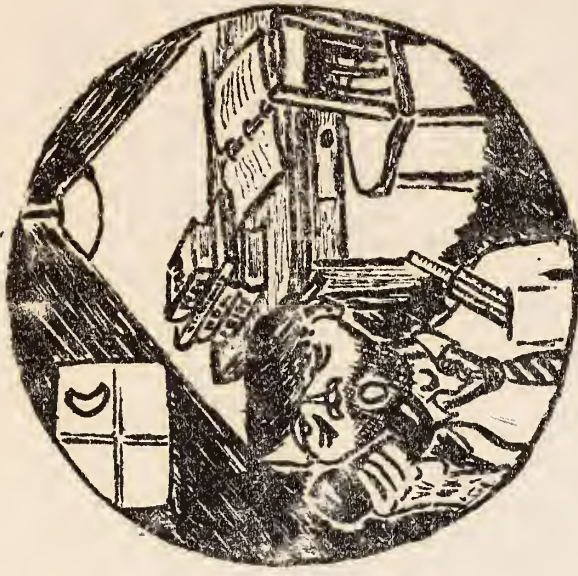
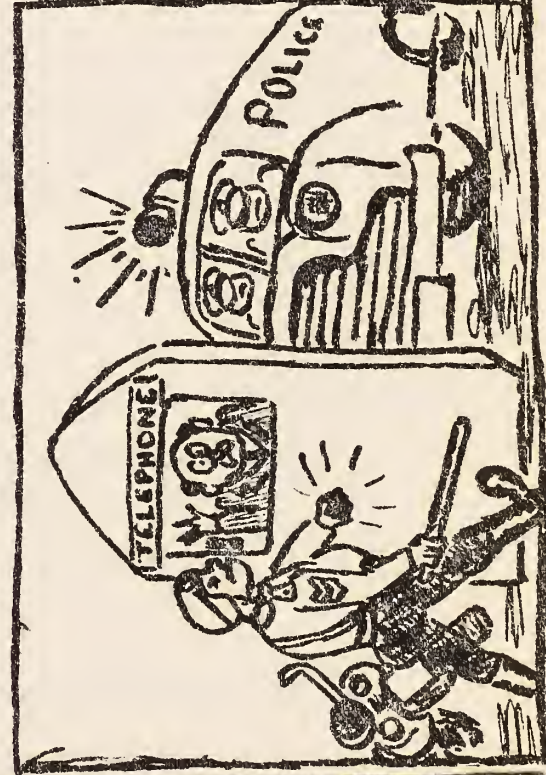
Actually, I am, rather

Recently while thumbing through the papers (help wanted section) we couldn't suppress a snicker as we read an article by our local police chief explaining what to do if while celebrating the New year you found yourself in a condition unfit to drive home. I guess we are just cynical though; I mean the article plainly said;

NOTE We had a lulu of a caption for this one but in view of our standards and certain ahhh... factors, we are unable to print same. It will, however, give full scope to your imaginations and perhaps you can suggest one printable.

just call us up... we will only too happy to pick you up ... and see you safely home ...

to your door step.



ADVERTIZING...

Announcer Now, Mr. X, we're running a little survey here and we'd like y^our opinion on these two products.

Mr. X Do I smoke it or eat it?

Ann. Well, actually, it's immaterial.

Mr. X (lights up, blows several large smoke rings) Hummm.

Ann. Do you like it?

Mr. X Frankly--no. It has bad taste--poor flavour.

Ann. Take another puff.

Mr. X Nix on that.

Ann. Nixon, to be exact.

Mr. X Poooo! I think I'll stamp it out.

Ann. Quite impossible, sir.

Mr. X (stamping furiously) Hummm--I see what ypu mean. It wont go out. Been tried before, eh?

Ann. Repeatedly.

Mr. X What'll I do with it?

Ann. Just leave it in the gutter there--it'll burn itself out. Now, Mr. X, if you will, try this one.

Mr. X That looks better, all right. I think I'll eat this one--get rid of that bad taste. (taking large bite and masticating thouroughly) Hummm, yes...delicious...good taste...crisp...refreshing (swallows). By Jingo! That was positively succulent...and so digestible...have you any more?

Ann. Not for two weeks. You see, Mr. X, that was a copy of the good "Centurion".

Mr. X Vunderbar! I thought I detected that tantalizing Bell-O'Brien flavor. By the way--what was that first rag?

Ann. Oh that. It was called "The Old Centurion".

Mr. X The "Old Cent--". Hey, but that's the same....

Ann. Ahh...yes, Mr. X, an old stunt. In the ad game we call it "jumping on the ol' band wagon". A little free publicity, you know.

Mr. X Sounds pretty shoddy to me....

Ann. Oh well...freedom of the press and all that. It's harmless--no substitute for quality. Yes, friends, Mr. X's judicious taste buds were not deceived by crude imitation, and don't you be fooled either. Ask for, DEMAND, the one, the only, the good "CENTURION"! (Musical flourish) Hey, Ed, we off the air now? Good. Hey, Mr. X, before you leave the studio--what is your real name?

Mr. X "X". "Mr. X", that's my real name. We had a big family and ma had no imagination....

Ann. But you must have a last name?

Mr. X Nope...pa never amounted to much.

Ann. Yes, well, it's been nice talking to you. What's that Ed? Still on the air?

Mr. X My younger brother, he's named "Y", does he have trouble. Everytime someone says, "'Why' you son of-----" (CLICK)

EDITORS

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS....

Lost and Found	
LOST--one ego--Tany Emery	LOST--one generation...Sellon
LOST--three molars and a bicuspid...Morley Callaghan	Holmes
FOUND--three education books and a Mickey Mouse Club tee-shirt.	LOST--one weekly allowance...
LOST--one appetite...in the cafeteria	George O'Briain
LOST--one composure...Richard Dadier	FOUND--one English 200 xx exam-room...30 minutes late
FOUND--1765 beer caps...after the Christmas dance	LOST--one copy, "The Foundlings"
	FOUND--one copy, "The Lost World"
	LOST--one confound lost and found column

HUMOR....

Bad Joke of the Week.

In keeping with our poor spelling, bad punctuation, rotten typing and lousy art work, we now present our Bad Joke of the Week.....

HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT?

YOU DON'T--YOU GET IT OFF A DUCK.

Pooooo

PUBLIC RELATIONS....

How to Accept a Date Refusal

The freshman, new to our beloved institute, will doubtless be overjoyed to know that in addition to seeking answers to the problems which have vexed mankind since the dawn of creation (How high is up? To be or not to be? Etc.), the great minds functioning in the rarefied aether of higher education have also grappled with other--more mundane--yet very vital questions (Does she or doesn't she? Etc.).

Now, at last, that thorny problem of how to retain some vestige of self-respect when the object of your aspirations makes with a thumbs-down for Saturday night has been tackled on the college level.

Here, then, hot & from the Sociology Dep't. are a few suggested refinements of the manly art of date refusal recovery.

DEFLATING METHOD

Either of the following calculated responses is guaranteed to knock the wind from the sails of the proudest galleon.

"Gee, that's too bad, I don't know what I'll do if the car stalls now--you're the strongest girl I know...." --or--

"Gosh, that about finishes my list--you were sort of a last resort...."

SNEAKY METHOD

This one calls for a little acting talent. Turn to an imaginary group of your college cohorts and say in a boisterous voice:

"See, I win! Pay up, suckers! She doesn't go out with boys."

Now hang up--fast.

MAKE-HER-REGRET-IT METHOD

See if this one doesn't have her kicking herself.

"Oh well, those fancy balls are usually a drag, anyhow. I mean, with the stuffy old lieutenant-governor and all those snoopy society page reporters...."

CONFUSION METHOD

This one is pretty shabby, but it may get you off with a whole ego.

"Well, that's too bad, Gloria. What? Not Gloria? Margaret? Ooooh (laugh)...I am sorry." Giggle obscenely as if you wouldn't take Margaret to a pit-fight. Hang up.

CAUSTIC METHOD

All sham is dropped in this little parting shot that makes no pretence & to veil its venom.

"That's funny--the paperboy said you were E-A-S-Y."

Draw the last word out viciously.

UNNERVING METHOD

For the less voluble speaker. A simple cap pistol report and subsequent clatter of the receiver on the floor will give her a restless evening.

DOG-IN-A-MANGER METHOD

With this method, take the refusal gracefully, but carefully neglect to replace the receiver on the hook. Any good phone sneak will remember, that, as you made the call initially, she is unable to break the connection and cannot receive any more calls until you hang up. Having precluded any further date offers, you slink out to a movie.

MAKE-HER-FEEL-LIKE-A-RAT METHOD (The most difficult)

The correct projection of a completely diaphanous facade of indifference replete with muffled sobs and diverse throat sounds will produce a hollow "smiling through the tears" simulation that will have her avoiding mirrors for two weeks.

"Oh well, that's the way the ginger snaps, I guess, ha, ha. Have to take Brigitte Bardot after all (sniffle). Yes, ha, ha. Maybe my sister can use the corsage...dunno what I'll do with the ducats, though (gurgle). Well, some other time, hummm? Ha, ha, yes, well,..ta, ta, now (sob)."

Incidentally, if any of you fellows find a method that actually works, let us know, eh?

DANIEL

